SOME NEW BOOKS.

Stedman's Library of American Literature.

The fifth volume of the *Library of American Literature*, compiled by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON (C. L. Webster & Co.), covers nominally only fourteen years, viz., 1821-1834. As a matter of fact, however, many of the authors "flourished" in the conventional sense, and many of the writings from which extracts are here given were published, at a much later epoch. For instance, Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" did not see the light till 1843; the lectures and addresses of Rufus Choate, parts of which are reproduced in this volume, belong to no earlier date than 1853; while not only was Benton's "Thirty Years' View" not published until 1854, but the "Fall of the Alamo" (an incident selected by the editors for extract) did not take place until 1836. We mention these facts merely to explain how a volume ostensibly dedicated to so brief a period can be made to contain so much attractive matter. The principle of classification adopted is reasonable enough; a man's name is associated with the time at which he *first* became conspicuous as a writer, orator, or statesman. Even this rule cannot be rigorously adhered to. Thus we find in this volume an excerpt from Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York," which was published in 1810. But let those who think the work of classification easy try it before laying much stress on slight inconsistencies.

It is a peculiarly interesting epoch, which is covered more or less exactly by this volume. Only a year before its outset, as the editors remind us, was put forth the famous query of Sydney Smith's: "In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book?" Before its close Irving, Cooper, and Bryant had obtained no unstinted measure of recognition in Great Britain. The three authors just mentioned are far from being the only writers among those coupled by the editors with the period 1821-1834 who still hold a high, or at least respectable, place in American literature. Here, for instance, we encounter William Ellery Channing, who was more than 60 years old when, in 1842, Alison mentioned him by way of proof that the American soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated character. We doubt, however, whether any of the extracts from his writings here printed will justify his reputation to the readers of our day. Among them is the well-known estimate of Bonaparte, which is scarcely worth perusal by those who have seen Taine's delineation of the same historical personage. On the other hand, a passage from Channing's remarks on national literature is well worth reproducing in the pamphlets and circulars printed by the advocates of an international copyright. "We mean not," wrote Channing sixty-six years ago, "to be paradoxical, but we believe that it would be better to admit no books from abroad, than to make them substitutes for our own intellectual activity. The more we receive from other countries, the greater the need of an original literature. A people into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually, needs an energy within itself to resist, to modify this mighty influence, and, without it, will inevitably sink under the worst bondage, will become intellectually tame and enslaved. * * * A people whose government and laws are nothing but the embodiment of public opinion, should jealously guard this opinion against foreign dictation. We need a literature to counteract, and to use wisely the literature which we import. It is particularly true of a people whose institutions demand for their support a free and bold spirit, that they should be able to subject to a manly and independent criticism whatever comes from abroad. We are more and more a reading people; books are already among the most powerful influences here. The question is, shall Europe, through these, fashion us after its pleasure? Shall America be only an echo of what is thought and written under the aristocracies beyond the ocean?" Then Channing passes to another and equally true view of the subject: "A foreign literature," he says, "will always, in a measure, be foreign; it has sprung from the soul of another people, which, however like, is still not our own soul. Every people has much in its own character and feelings which can only be embodied by its own writers, and which, when transfused through literature, makes it touching and true, like the voice of our earliest friend."

There are, in this volume, four or five pages quoted from Audubon's "Ornithological Biography," published in 1831, and about twice as much space is devoted to extracts from Benton's "Thirty Years' View;" two of the latter deal respectively with the duel between Randolph and Clay, and the debate in the Senate between Hayne and Webster. In the former incident nobody any longer takes the faintest interest; but as long as Webster is remembered, people will like to hear something about the much younger man who was able to cope with the great orator in a contest which lasted for many days. Benton explains how this was done. Webster's speech was really levelled at Calhoun, who, as presiding officer of the Senate, had no right to reply, but who managed to supply his South Carolina colleague with responsive ammunition. "Each morning," Benton says, "Hayne returned reinvigorated to the contest, like Antæus refreshed, not from a fabulous contact with mother earth, but from a real communion with Mr. Calhoun, the actual subject of Mr. Webster's attack, and from the well-stored arsenal of his powerful and subtle mind he nightly drew auxiliary supplies.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was 31 years old at the beginning of the epoch now under review. Only four of his poems are reproduced, and of these only two are recollected. One of these is naturally Marco Bozzaris; the other is the equally well-known epigraph on Joseph Rodman Drake, who died in 1820. We refer, of course, to the lines beginning:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

From Drake himself the editors have quoted the whole of "The Culprit Fay," and that undying lyric, whose first quatrain is as follows:

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

No one will think of challenging Drake's place in the galaxy of American poets. But nothing in the ten pages allotted to R. H. Dana, Jr., will account to the contemporary or future reader for the deference with which, for about half a century, he was regarded. He has left behind him nothing which has kept so firm a hold on the public mind as the hymn entitled "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," whose author, Emma Hart Willard, was born in the same year with Dana, 1787. Apropos of single poems, by which alone their authors will be remembered, may be mentioned another celebrated hymn by Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg:

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
* * I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom.

So, too, of that voluminous and ambitious writer, James Gates Percival, only one short poem is really worth reprinting, and this is happily included in the extracts made by the editors of this volume. We have in mind the apostrophe to Seneca Lake:

On thy fair bosom silver lake
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom waveless stream
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam
And bright reflects the polar star.

The one song, "Home, Sweet Home," is all also that (in our memories) survives of John Howard Payne, who belongs to this period, having been born in 1791. In like manner it may be said of the industrious Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, that only her ballad, called "Bernardine Du Born," seems to be deemed worth preserving by the present generation. Not even so much may be affirmed of Catharine M. Sedgwick, for although the editors, in obedience to tradition, have made a single extract from her prose writings, it has no intrinsic merit to justify inclusion in this volume. Another single poem, "The Bucket," (commonly called "The Old Oaken Bucket") keeps alive the name of Samuel Woodsworth, who in 1826 published a collection of lyrics. We may add that the Rev. John Pierpont, about whom and whose writings one used to hear a good deal in Massachusetts thirty years ago, has probably left nothing that will outlast the century, except the imaginary address of Gen. Warren to the American soldiers before the battle of Bunker Hill.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.
* * * * * * *
In the God of battles trust;
Die we may, and die we must;
But oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?

Among the writers now forgotten, but whom the editors thought it their duty not wholly to overlook, because they once had some local and fugitive reputation, the following may be named: Moses Stuart, who published a volume of miscellanies in 1846; Charles Jared Ingersoll, whose "Inchiquin, the Jesuit's Letters" attracted a good deal of attention three-quarters of a century ago; John Sanderson, of whom we suppose that not one reader in a million ever heard, but who in 1838 put forth a book called "The American in Paris," as if a sojourn in the French capital were to our countrymen an experience of almost unique novelty. Here, too, is one William Maxwell, a Virginian verse writer, born in 1781; three of his short poems are good-naturedly quoted, but they are really not above the level of the average college magazine. Nathaniel Beverly Tucker is another Virginian writer whom nowadays nobody reads, but the editors have done well to reprint a passage foreshadowing disunion from "The Partisan Leader," which, it seems, was secretly printed in 1833 and afterward suppressed, then republished in 1861 and again suppressed. The arguments in favor of a Southern Confederacy are curiously similar to those brought forward in the Virginia Convention which passed the ordinance of secession. Another man rescued from oblivion by the editors is Robert Walsh, and if only the quality of their literary work were to be considered we should hardly expect to see embalmed in this volume the names of Henry Wheaton, Mordecai Manuel Noah, Andrews Norton, Nicholas Biddle, Lavinia Stoddard, and Eliza Leslie. There is more excuse, on the other hand (aside from the author's purpose to exemplify the average level of literary production in a given epoch), for the extracts from H. M. Brackenridge's "History of the War of 1812," though this book has been supplanted by more authoritative narratives. It was well enough also to quote something from Gulian C. Verplanck, who, in his day, was credited with culture and the critical faculty. That was a day of small things, however, when a little knowledge and literary aptitude went a long way. Richard Henry Wilde is another of the writers whose very name is strange to the present generation. Of the verses penned by him and rescued by the editors from limbo there is a sonnet to the mocking bird, not by any means devoid of neatness, and it may be that the following eight lines will be thought worth quoting:

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none, alas, shall mourn for me.

There is much less justification, in the nature of their compositions, for placing in this list of authors James A. Hillhouse, Dr. John W. Francis, Hannah Flagg Gould, Prof. Edward Tyrrel Channing, and Augustus B. Longstreet. Much the same thing may be said of William Leete Stone, who wrote the life of Joseph Brant; of Seba Smith, for the author of the "Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing" is now dead and buried, though in his time his hero was a sort of rival of "Sam Slick;" of James Hall, who, although born in 1793, did not bring out his "Romance of Western History" until 1857; the book had no elements of enduring life in it, and is now defunct. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft stands, of course, on a different footing, being one of the few authorities concerning the languages, customs and legends of the North American Indians; the collection of such data, however, scarcely belongs to literature. Why extracts from the verses of N. L. Frothingham or from Edward Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology" are here set before us it would not be easy to explain, if literary worth formed the principle of selection adopted by the compilers. Such, however, is not the case, otherwise they would not have assigned ten pages to S. G. Goodrich, whose "Recollections of a Lifetime" were printed in 1857, or five pages to John Neal, whose "Logan, a Novel," belongs to the year 1821. When, on the other hand, we come to John Pendleton Kennedy and William Ware we are bound to acknowledge that their novels, "Horseshoe Robinson" and "Zenobia," may still be read with pleasure. This may be said, and with more emphasis, of Prescott's histories, although "The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru" (from which the longest extracts have been made) have ceased to rank as authorities on their respective subjects. By well-informed persons the books mentioned are now read only for their style. Nor can any more be truthfully affirmed of the writings and speeches of Edward Everett, which occupy ten pages of this volume. George Ticknor, on the other hand—who, we need not say, was Prescott's and Everett's contemporary and fellow citizen—has left behind him a book of substantial value. We refer to his "History of Spanish Literature," first published in 1849, and revised by the author in 1871. This book has never been supplanted, although the same field has been traversed by many English students.

The extracts from Bryant cover some twenty pages, and include the poems on which unquestionably his reputation is to rest, including conspicuously "Thanatopsis," the lines "To a Waterfowl," "A Forest Hymn," and "The Death of the Flowers." Cooper's novels are exemplified mainly by passages from the "Leather Stocking Tales," but there is one extract from "The Pilot" and one from "The Spy," so that the three chief categories into which the author's stories fall may be said to be illustrated. Cooper has more space allotted to him than any other writer except Irving. From the latter's works the editors have chosen for the purpose of quotation "The Knickerbocker History of New York," "The Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveller," "Life of Columbus," and "Wolfert's Roost." The concluding excerpt is from the "Life of Washington," which, it is well known, was a failure, unworthy alike of the subject and of the author's reputation. M. W. H.

Evolution of the Human Mind.

Mr. GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, whose "Mental Evolution in Animals" was noticed in these columns, now publishes the first installment of a larger and more important work—*Mental Evolution in Man* (Appletons). The volume now before us is concerned exclusively with the origin of human faculty, the detailed analysis of the intellect, emotions, volition, morals, and religion being left for future installments of the book. It should further be noted that at present the question of the origin of the human mind is examined on *a priori* grounds; that is to say, on psychological principles. The evidence supplied by anthropology is reserved for another portion of the work.

The problem of the origin of human faculty is found upon close scrutiny to be no other than the problem of the origin of language. Without speech, the first steps of the transition from receptual to conceptual ideation cannot be taken. How, then, did man or the anthropoid ape come to speak? Before propounding his own theory on the subject, Mr. Romanes discusses a view put forward by certain German philologists and the hypothesis briefly sketched by Darwin. The German conception of the matter is that speech originated in wholly meaningless sounds which, in the first instance, were due to merely physiological conditions. By repeated association with the circumstances under which they were uttered these articulate sounds are supposed to have acquired as it were automatically a semiotic value. Mr. Romanes rejects this hypothesis on two grounds. First, it ignores the whole problem to be solved, namely, the genesis of those powers of ideation, which first put a soul of meaning into the previously insignificant sounds. Secondly, it involves the assumption that aboriginal man presented no rudiments of the sign-making faculty, whereas Mr. Romanes believes himself to have demonstrated the contrary to be the case. The author next proceeds to deal with Darwin's hypothesis on the subject, and finds himself unable to accept even this without qualifications. Mr. Darwin premised that a presumably superior sense of sight, by fastening attention upon the movements of the mouth in vocal sign making, must have given our simian ancestry an advantage over the other species of quadrumana in the matter of associating sounds with receptual ideas. He next endeavored to imagine an anthropoid ape, social in habits, sagacious in mind, and accustomed to use its voice extensively as an organ of sign-making, after the manner of social quadrumana in general. Such an animal might well have distanced all others in the matter of making signs, and even proceeded far enough to use sounds in association with gestures as "sentence-words"—that is, as indicative of such highly generalized recepts as the presence of danger and so forth—even if it did not go the length of making denotative sounds after the manner of talking birds. Mr. Darwin thought, too, that there is a strong probability that the simian ancestor of mankind was accustomed to use its voice in musical cadences, as do some of the gibbon apes at the present day, and this habit might have laid the basis for that semiotic interruption of vocal sounds in which consists the essence of articulation.

The theory at which Mr. Romanes himself arrives is, as we have said, somewhat different from Darwin's. "While accepting," he says, "all that goes to constitute the substance of Mr. Darwin's suggestion, I think it is almost certain that the faculty of articulate sign making was a product of much later evolution, so that the creature who first presented this faculty must have already been more human than ape-like. This *Homo alalus* stands before the mind's eye as an almost brutal object, indeed; yet still, erect in attitude, shaping flints to serve as tools and weapons, living in tribes or societies, and able in no small degree to communicate the logic of his recepts by means of gesture signs, facial expressions, and local tones. From such an origin the subsequent evolution of the sign-making faculty in the direction of articulate sounds would be an even more easy matter to imagine than it was under Mr. Darwin's hypothesis. Having traced the probable course of this evolution as inferred by the aid of sundry analogies, and having dwelt upon the remarkable significance of the inarticulate sounds which still survive as so-called 'clicks' in the lowly formed languages of Africa, I went on to detail sundry considerations which seemed to render probable the prolonged existence of the imaginary being in question, and traced the presumable phases of his subsequent evolution."

In conclusion Mr. Romanes points out that whatever may be the truth as regards the time when the faculty of articulation arose, the course of mental evolution after it did arise must have been the same. He believes the evolution "began with sentence-words in association with gesture signs; that these acted and reacted on one another to the higher elaboration of both; that denotative names, for the most part of onomatopoetic origin, rapidly underwent connotative extensions; that from being often and necessarily used in apposition nascent predications arose; that these gave origin in later times to the grammatical distinctions between adjectives and genitive cases on the one hand and predicative words on the other; that likewise gesture signs were largely concerned in the origin of other grammatical forms, especially of pronominal elements, many of which afterward went to constitute the material out of which the forms of declension and conjugation were developed; but that, although pronouns were thus among the earliest words which were differentiated by mankind as separate parts of speech, *it was not until late in the day that any pronouns were used especially indicative of the first person.*" The significance of the latter fact Mr. Romanes has shown to be highly important. "We have seen that the whole distinction between man and brute resides in the presence or absence of conceptional thought, which, in turn, is but an expression of the presence or absence of self-consciousness. Consequently, the whole of this treatise has been concerned with the question whether we have here to do with a distinction of kind or of degree—of origin or of development. In the case of the individual, there can be no doubt that it is a distinction of degree or development" (from the child to the adult). In this case the transitional phase of development is "marked by a change of phraseology—a discarding of objective terms for the adoption of subjective when the speaker has occasion to speak of self." It is one of the main purposes of this volume to show that "in exactly the same way as psychology marks for us the transition in the individual, philology marks for us the transition in the race." The corroborative testimony derivable from anthropology will be, we repeat, produced in the second installment of this remarkable book.

BOOK NOTES.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey has made an excellent translation of Georges Ohnet's powerful novel, "Dr. Rameau" (J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

A valuable manual for the use of those who may be unable to employ a professional nurse is that compiled by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, and entitled "In the Sick Room" (C. A. Montgomery & Co.).

P. F. Collier publishes Frank R. Stockton's ingenious and interesting glimpse into the future, entitled "The Great War Syndicate," which was completed a few weeks ago in the columns of "Once a Week."

In his "Story of the Puritans" (Charles T. Walker), Mr. Wallace Peck has produced an amusing travesty, exhibiting much genuine humor, and some that is more or less strained or artificial. In the employment of anachronisms he is seen at his best. The illustrations are for the most part very funny.

Scribner & Welford send us "The Dead Leman and Other Tales from the French," by Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester. The translations are from Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, About, Balzac, and other representative novelists, whose short stories and sketches, the translators are at pains to show, find scarcely a counterpart among the productions of English writers of fiction, although American authors, like Hawthorne and Poe, have won reputation in this field. The stories selected are characteristic of the authors, and have been admirably rendered into English.

We have received from Macmillan & Co. "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1889, edited by J. Scott Keltie. In its chosen field this work is probably unequalled by any published in the English language. Immense pains have been taken to render it a trustworthy guide, insomuch that there is scarcely a page of the edition of 1888 which has not been more or less renewed in the present volume. The information which it conveys is brought down to the latest available moment, and if not absolutely correct is as nearly so as human efforts can make it. No writer on public affairs or student of statistics should be without a copy.

We are unable to bestow very high praise upon Mr. Edgar Fawcett's latest novel, "Miriam Balestier" (Belford, Clarke & Co.). It is grammatically more correct than the last work from his pen we had occasion to notice, but a closer study of any good English dictionary would still be to the author's advantage. The characters in this story are largely recruited from the theatrical profession, especially from those ladies who are conspicuous in burlesque and comic opera. They are good, bad, and indifferent. The bad ones represent their type very exactly, but the pure-minded Miriam Balestier is superior to many actresses of her class, and is made to involve the denouement of the story in a very unpleasant muddle. It is, in fact, so obscure and unsatisfactory that an additional volume would seem to be necessary to explain how the antagonistic heroines become reconciled, and how the arch marplot is put out of the way. Until this is done, "Miriam Balestier" cannot but prove an incomplete and unsatisfactory story.

A distinguished English scholar and author once remarked that no man of truly liberal education ever passed through life without attempting to render an ode or two of Horace into his native language. The habit has not yet fallen into decay, as the note books of many a college graduate will bear witness, and metrical translations of the odes, satires, and letters of the Roman poet are only too common. We owe, therefore, a debt of gratitude to Mr. Charles W. F. Cooper for his "Horace's Odes Englished and Imitated by Various Hands" (Scribner & Welford). The work does not comprise an exhaustive list of the Horatian poems, but selects those commonly recognized as the author's masterpieces, of which, in some instances, two or more versions are given. From Surry to Leigh Hunt or Mitford we have a long line of scholarly men who have given to unscholarly readers versions of the Latin bard as diverse as are their own individualities. The reader need only contrast Milton's marvellous rendering of the ode to Pyrrha with the splendid paraphrases of Dryden or Cowley, the concise versions of Dr. Johnson, or those more truly lyrical ones of Cowper and his contemporaries to appreciate how truly and exactly this volume illustrates what English writers have done to convey to English-speaking people something of the wit, satire, and gallantry of the most quoted of Latin poets. Mr. Cooper's selections end with the writers of the earlier part of the present century, and the later translators of Horace—Connington, Lord Lytton, Newman, or Sir Theodore Martin—find no place in his pages. In view of the new light which modern scholarship has thrown upon the learning of a century ago, this omission is to be regretted; but within the limits in which it is cast the work may be regarded as a boon to men of classical training. A useful feature of it is a series of imitations and parodies, which show how important an influence the Horatian style and method have exerted upon English poetry since the seventeenth century.

AMERICAN EXHIBITORS IN PARIS.

Active Preparations to Make a Great Show of Yankee Skill and Ingenuity.

United States Commissioner Gen. William B. Franklin and his assistant, Somerville P. Tuck, have been and are very busy sending forward the products of American skill and ingenuity, which will hold a very prominent place in the coming Paris Exposition of 1889. The French Government has appropriated $10,000,000, and the buildings on the Champ de Mars on the banks of the Seine occupy substantially the same site as the Expositions of 1867 and 1878. There will be some novel features. Eiffel's great tower will rear to the clouds away out of sight of the top of the Washington Monument. The buildings will be curious. The Alhambra will be duplicated. The Egyptian Government having failed to send a contribution, some wealthy Parisians have bought a street in Cairo, and will set it up in the Exposition. There will be a great Italian building. The Palais de Machines will be 1,390 feet long, 150 feet high, and the roof will have a span of 360 feet. This building cost $700,000, and contains 6,000 tons of iron. The Exposition opens May 5, and continues until Oct. 31.

The United States contributors have 75,000 square feet of space. There are about 1,400 exhibitors, whose exhibits include about everything worth seeing that can be made in this country, including food products and high art. The chief engineer is William C. Grinnell. The exhibits are arranged in nine classes, under as many directors, as follows: Works of art, Rush C. Hawkins; education, Prof. Arthur J. Starr of Indiana; decorative house furniture, David Urquhart of Louisiana; textile fabrics, William B. Chester of Pennsylvania; raw and manufactured products of mines and forests and chemistry, Prof. Newberry of Columbia College; apparatus of mechanical industry, Charles B. Richards; food products, A. H. Clark; agriculture, Prof. C. V. Rully; horticulture, David King. There will be a sample of every invention that has been made in this country in the last ten years. Edison, the wizard of Menlo Park, and other electricians, will show what has been done with electricity. Edison alone has 8,000 square feet, and will show one incandescent lamp 40 feet high with 2,000 globes. There will be a great corn palace. Buffalo Bill will be on the outskirts with his big show. The American exhibitors were the first on the ground, and the last of their contributions will be forwarded by the 16th inst.

The works of art selected do not satisfy many well-known artists, who have been left out altogether, while others have been allowed to send comparatively numerous examples of their work. There is some talk of getting up an independent exhibition by the neglected American artists. The United States Government has appropriated $250,000 for expenses of the United States Commission. The office is at 1 Broadway, Washington Building.

WHY THE PICTURE WASN'T GOOD.

The Reason of An Artist's Failure to Satisfy a Country Customer.

"Speaking of cranks," said a portait painter, "the artist, I believe, is the recipient of the attentions of more of the species than any other one profession. Not very long ago a man wrote me from a country town, enclosing a photograph and asking that a painting be made from it. He volunteered the pleasant news that he had recently become engaged to the handsomest girl in the district, and that the girl wanted his picture. There wasn't anything slow about him, so he determined to have a portrait painted for her. He requested me to make the moustache longer than in the photograph, and the cheeks just a trifle fuller.

"It was a cash order and I filled it with care. I flattered myself that while I made the changes requested, I had faithfully retained the expression of the photograph. Nevertheless, the painting did not suit. The man sent me back the photograph, and asked me to try it over. He explained that his 'girl didn't like it.' He offered no other hint of why the painting did not suit. I was conscious that I had made an excellent likeness; but, nevertheless, bent on giving satisfaction, I made another copy with great care. I was confident that this would suit the most fastidious taste. But it appeared not. Along came another letter accompanied by the photograph, asking me to try it over. The letter said: 'My girl don't like it.'

"I was vexed. I wrote that the copy was as perfect as brush and paint could make it, that I didn't care to paint except from the original any way, and that I could not afford to make three paintings for the price of one, and didn't propose to do it. I got a prompt reply. My country client wrote that he was rich and bound to please his girl. He said to paint another at the same price and send it along. He enclosed money, and I laid myself out on that portrait. I was getting tired of the face. Soon after I sent that on I got a fourth letter with the same request. It didn't suit his girl. She said it didn't look like him, and he was bound to get a picture for her that looked like him if he had to mortgage his farm.

"I was enraged. I wrote him to come down and see me. Two days afterward a countryman came into the office and asked for me. When I introduced myself he began to smile in the most ridiculous manner.

"'And who are you?' I asked, wondering what new kind of a crank I had struck.

"'Don't you know me?' he asked.

"'Not from Adam,' said I.

"'Why I'm Hezekiah Brown, whose pictur you've been a-paintin'.'

"'You, Mr. Brown!' I exclaimed, 'why you don't look at all like your photograph.'

"'My photograph?' said he. 'why that wa'n't my photograph. That was my brother's. But then ma says we both look 'xactly alike, 'xcept that my moustache is longer an' my cheeks fuller. I never had no photograph made, so I sent you his'n an' told you how to fix it. But say, now I'm down here, you might as well paint one off o' me, and see if for once you can paint one to suit the little gal.'

"I painted it, and have never heard from him or his girl since. In stupidity the fellow was only excelled by the countryman who once sent me a photograph of the front of his house, and wanted it painted into a fine picture. He casually added that there was an elegant verandah round at the back of the house that you couldn't see in the photograph. He wanted the copy made so you could see that verandah."

THE CHICAGO POET AND HUMORIST.

SPECIMENS OF THE VERSATILE TALENT AND FLOWING MELODY OF EUGENE FIELD.

Good-by, God Bless You.

From the Chicago Daily News.

I like the Anglo Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "au revoir," "adieu, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says: "Good-by, God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function.
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-by, God bless you!"

I love the words, perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I, I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-by,
And asked our God to bless me.

EUGENE FIELD.

Apology for Woman.

From the Chicago News.

We 'low that woman war made from a rib
Of Adam's, but shucks! Her brains
Air biggety, pickisty, odds and eends
Fixed up from his remains;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war by accident, though, we air thinkin';
He can't be proud of the job,
With sech tongues as they have been given
Ter gossip an' scold an' sob;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war a woman, ye know, who gossiped
In Eden with Satan, kiss'd;
They're jes' plumb sure to spread all the news,
An' make it 'fore they're left;
But—the Lord made 'em.

'Tain't safe to treat wimmin with nuthin';
Tell everythin' they know;
For they hain't got no sense fer reason,
An' do change their minds so;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They sets tharselves up on principle,
Frustratin' of the men,
'Gainst justice an' enny enjyment,
Nine of 'em out o' ten;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They're so onreasonable, thar answer is
"Becase 'tis" to every why.
Some acts one way an' some another;
We'uns can't track 'em; don't try;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They gives thar advice ez confident
Ez if nuthin' here on yearth
War half ez precious, an' think it s'prisin'
That we'uns snake with mirth;
But—the Lord made 'em.

Yet, talk of foolin', why, a spindlin snip
O' a gal will fool a man
That's six feet high an' two hundred poun'
About ennythin'. She can;
For—the Lord made 'em.

EUGENE FIELD.

An Old Song Resung.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Miss Mary had, that is, she owned,
A lamb of unknown gender;
Go where she might by day or night,
That cosset would attend 'er.

When as she went to school one day
The lamb went tagging after,
Which circus did throw every kid
Into a fit of laughter.

Kicking the cosset out of doors,
The teacher spanked the friskers;
But the lambkin cried in the cold outside,
And the wind blew through its whiskers.

Then all the blistered children asked,
"What makes the lamb love her, sir?"
"My dears," said he, "it looks to me
Like a case of vice versa."

Moral.

Now from this story you shall learn
That there is nary creature
That is above the power of love,
Unless it be a teacher.

EUGENE FIELD.

The Way of Love.

From the Chicago Daily News.

As one essays some cavern to explore,
Deep, dark, and vast, with rugged roof and walls,
And loneliness that like a curtain falls,
And holds his link to light his way before
Aloft, while darkness still enshrouds the floor;
And hears, while seeing naught, like distant calls,
The wind's weird whispers wailing through the halls,
And fears some hidden danger more and more;
So woman, as she steps within man's heart,
That rayless gloom and rugged depth unknown,
Though holding high her glowing torch of love,
She knows not how her faltering feet to start;
Her fears give tongue in trustful undertone,
And round her path no ray falls from above.

EUGENE FIELD.

"Lollyby, Lolly, Lollyby."

From the Chicago Daily News.

Last night, whiles that the curfew bell ben ringing,
I heard a moder to her dearie singing
"Lollyby, lolly, lollyby;"
And presently that chylde did cease hys weeping
And on his moder's breast did fall a sleeping
To "lolly, lolly, lollyby."

Faire ben the chylde unto his moder clinging,
But fairer yet the moder's gentle singing;
"Lollyby, lolly, lollyby;"
And angels came and kisst the dearie smiling
In dreems while him hys moder ben beguiling
With "lolly, lolly, lollyby."

Then to my harte saies I: "Oh, that thy beating
Coide be assuaged by some swete voice repeating
'Lollyby, lolly, lollyby;'
That like this lyttel chylde I, too, ben sleeping
With plaisaunt phantasies about me creeping,
To 'lolly, lolly, lollyby!'"

Sometime, mayhap, when curfew bells are ringing,
A weary harte shall heare straunge voices singing
"Lollyby, lolly, lollyby;"
Sometime, mayhap, with Chryst's love round me streaming,
I shall be lulled into eternal dreaming,
With "lolly, lolly, lollyby."

EUGENE FIELD.

Horace III., 13.

From the Chicago Daily News.

O fountain of Bandusia,
Whence crystal waters flow,
With garlands gay and wine I'll pay
The sacrifice I owe;
A sportive kid with budding horns
I have, whose crimson blood
Anon shall dye and sanctify
Thy cool and babbling flood.

O fountain of Bandusia,
The dogstar's hateful spell
No evil brings unto the springs
That from thy bosom well;
Here oxen, wearied by the plow,
The roving cattle here,
Hasten in quest of certain rest
And quaff thy gracious cheer.

O fountain of Bandusia,
Ennobled shalt thou be,
For I shall sing the joys that spring
Beneath yon ilex tree;
Yes, fountain of Bandusia,
Posterity shall know
The cooling brooks that from thy nooks
Singing and dancing go!

EUGENE FIELD.

Horace, Epode XIV.

From the Chicago Daily News.

You ask me, friend,
Why I don't send
The long since due and paid for numbers;
Why, songless, I
As drunken lie
Abandoned to Lethæan slumbers.

Long time ago,
As well you know,
I started in upon that carmen;
My work was vain,
But why complain?
When gods forbid, how helpless are men!

Some ages back,
The sage Anack
Courted a frisky Samian body,
Singing her praise
In metered phrase
As flowing as his bowls of toddy.

'Till I was hoarse
Might I discourse
Upon the cruelties of Venus,
'Twere waste of time
As well of rhyme
For you've been there yourself, Mæcenas!

Perfect your bliss
If some fair miss
Love you yourself and not your mina;
I, fortune's sport,
All vainly court
The beauteous, polyandrous Phryne!

EUGENE FIELD.

The XLVI. Psalm.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Our refuge and our strength is God,
Our help in time of trouble;
We will not fear, though tree and sod,
And mountain which we oft have trod,
Should cause the sea to bubble.

A river shall make glad the place
Of tabernacles holy;
A city where does shine God's face;
Soon she shall stand by His good grace
And nevermore be lowly.

The heathen raged and did defy,
And moved were all the nations;
The earth was melted at His cry,
The God of Jacob now is by,
The Lord of congregations.

Behold the works which God has wrought;
In earth what great destruction
By Him is made. By Him is brought
An end to war; bow, spear, are naught,
Are broke for our instruction.

"That I am God be satisfied,
And high above all nations;
By heathen I'll not be denied."
The God of Jacob's by our side,
The Lord of congregations.

EUGENE FIELD.

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF.

A Brooklyn Teacher of Mind Healing Gives Away the Secret.

It has been several years since the first appearance in Brooklyn of Mrs. Newman of Boston, who was the pioneer teacher of the new "mental healing." She had been a pupil of Mrs. Eddy, but they had a falling out, and Mrs. Newman would not even call her teaching by the same name. Mrs. Stuart of Hyde Park, near Boston, followed her, and the first season the two teachers prospered greatly and graduated many pupils who became healers and teachers. Mrs. Eddy came, too, and her followers rallied around her. She was the author of a book and the head of a healing college in Boston, and was more widely known than Mrs. Newman. The pupils were many, and after a second winter the list of healers was extensive. Now the city is honeycombed with mind curers, and it is noticeable that many mediums and clairvoyants are ardent healers. So also are several well-known Bible class teachers, who, while they use the Bible and expound it to their listeners, intersperse their teachings with accounts of the "healing science." A Bible class can get accommodations in a church when a mind curer's class cannot. The profits of this business are so good that its popularity is continuous, and it is more respectable than mediumship. Hence the appearance in its ranks of many of the spiritualistic fortune tellers and clairvoyants. Women are the chief patrons of the mind curers, and there are hundreds of Brooklyn women under treatment every day. The fees vary, but $2 is the usual price paid at the house of the healer.

For the lessons the price varies from $50 to $300, according to the fame of the teacher. An ordinary teacher gets $5 for a private lesson, and for a class of twelve she has $50. At first the healers talked nothing but healing. They wanted to tone up bodies that they might become "the temples of the living God;" but now, in many circles, the work is extended to the saving of souls, and one hears a great deal about holiness and sanctity and the power of prayer. With so many healers, it is a matter of wonder that there are any sick in the community; but there are, and the explanation is that the people are not yet ready to take up the new school and put down the old. To an outsider, the mind cure and mental science, faith cure and Christian science are all one and the same; but the adherents of the different schools point out differences. All who practise seek to preach. Religious apostles are as numerous as mind curers, and it will surprise the preachers to know that in a city as well supplied as is Brooklyn with regularly ordained ministers of the Gospel, there are so many lay teachers engaged in expounding holiness. The women as willingly pay for this as for "Christian science," and popular teachers gather in the dollars. The churches, these teachers declare, are cold and dead and without spiritual life, and the conventional, orthodox teaching is unsuited to the awakened consciences of the pupils of the new school.

One or two of the ministers have investigated mental healing, and the Rev. Mr. Ager of the Swedenborgian church in Monroe place has been called a convert. He says, however, that he is not prepared to express an opinion yet. It is safe to say that in every church in the city are mind curers, and the pastors know it, and usually are very discreet in their utterances regarding it, particularly if they disapprove of the ism. They dismiss the subject by saying that they do not understand it. Very few outsiders do. One of the mental healers, who gives her services because she has means and really wishes to help her kind, was asked for her formula and she gave it. She says the requisites for success are concentration of mind, strong faith, and an intense desire to cure patients. The argument made to each pupil is as follows:

"There is no life, sensation, or intelligence in matter. All is mind. There is no reality to matter, hence you are *not* sick. You are spiritual, not material. Spirituality is of God, therefore perfect. It cannot suffer. It is all truth, life, love, perfection. Materiality is but a mortal belief of error. Treat it as such and you will govern all fear of pain and sickness. However real they may seem to you, they are not real, for matter cannot suffer; it has not the power to feel any more than any other shadow. Your mortal mind causes you to fear sickness and impresses the fear upon the body. The dread of the disease is as great to you as the reality would be, but being only a dread, a fear, a belief, you can control it. Rise in the perfection of your spirituality to conquer, resist and, destroy all that there is unlike God. Reason with yourself that He made everything good, real, true, and eternal. Therefore He is not the author of disease, for that is an error. As disease is not a creation it is not a reality, but merely a delusion of the mind, the effect of fear. There is nothing real but God and the idea of Him. He is principle—man, the idea, the perfect image, likeness and reflection—hence, with no evil. Remember that you are soul, not sense. Assert the power of soul to conquer the belief of sense.

"God gave you the entire control over your own body, over the internal as well as the external organs. You have the same power over the innermost blood vessel, fibre, nerve tissue, that you have over the motion of your hand. You can control them. You can govern yourself. Matter has not the intelligence to locate pain. It has not the ability to change the location of disease. It has not the substance to feel disease. You are well. You are not sick. Deny the power of matter. It is error. Deny the hallucination of suffering. Destroy the belief that is in your mortal mind that you can be troubled with asthma. Asthma is but a belief. Treat it as such, and you will destroy the semblance of it. Say: 'I am well,' and you will be; for as a man thinks so is he. Your lungs, your bronchial tubes, all the blood supply, the nerve force are your own. God gave you the power to keep the good and destroy the error. Say: 'Asthma is a lie.' Treat it as one and you will find that you have the same power over sickness that you have over sin. Remember that mind has its own body with it always, governing and controlling it in all that it is as well as in all that it does.

"God is the breath of life. The body does not breathe. Let mind show its perfection by bringing truth to destroy the error. You believe that you are suffering, that you must cough. Destroy that belief and the apparent cough will leave you. God is all. There is no room for evil. He is omnipresent. Hence, anything other than good is a belief, an unreality that has no substance, for God is the only substance. Realizing this, you use the body as a machinist uses a machine, controlling it in all its duties, sending the blood flowing to all parts, governing the nerves, making it well. You have no disease. You are well, for God made all things, and all that He has made is good. Let the truth of being destroy the error of seeming. Accept the harmony of health. Deny the discord of sickness, for all is good, all is mind. Spirit is immortal truth. Matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real, the eternal. You are spirit; hence true and perfect. Admit for one moment that life and intelligence are not in the body; realize for a single instant that they are one with God, and that moment you will be well. You are well. You have accepted the gift of health. The work is done. Mind controls you, and from this time fear of sickness is removed. You know that it is nothing. You will never again make it a reality. Arise well! the disease is not there. You are well."

Not all healers use the same formula, but this is the substance of all. The idea common to all these systems, called by whatever names they may be, is that there is no other power in the universe but good, and that "God is the good," or "good itself." It is a complete ignoring of the weak side of nature, and if the patient cannot accept this, he or she cannot be cured. Many deaths have occurred in Brooklyn for which the mind-cure doctors are accused of the responsibility. Usually physicians are called in just before death occurs, so that there may be no difficulty in obtaining the usual certificate required by the Board of Health. The mere fancying that one has health when there is acute inflammation going on in some organ in the system does not seem to make a man or woman well, and mind-cure theories fail wherever there is disease. A well-known physician when interrogated regarding the spread of the new ism, said:

"The safeguard of the public lies in the fact that these 'healers' are nearly all people who are not able to do much harm because of their ignorance; and generally speaking they are harmless, well-intentioned women who are easily frightened with serious cases and call in physicians in time to evade fatal mistakes. The men in the business are equally harmless, being, as a class, individuals of no education, business faculty, or regular calling; in a word they are broken-down hacks, who could not earn a living in any manly calling. The chief danger is to be apprehended from the women of the better class who are engaged in the business. They are, generally speaking, women who have gone into it because of some domestic trouble, a neglectful husband, a dissipated son, losses, griefs, cares, of whatever sort. These women are cultivated and have good social standing. Hence their influence is very strong. They are as ignorant, however, in this respect as the veriest quack in the business. One of them I met at a public gathering recently, very wet, for she had walked through a hard rain unprotected, and her feet were soaked when she sat down in an overheated room to listen to a discussion. Of course her brain was active and her lungs were kept busy inhaling the hot, tainted air of the crowded hall. The emanations from the clothing of the people present were enough to make a well man sick. I spoke to this lady of the risk she was running, and advised her to go home and change her clothing. She replied that she was out of the old belief, and did not recognize the existence of pain or sickness. She had pneumonia, nevertheless, and came near dying."

The mind curers, Christian "scientists," mesmerists, and all who practise the art of healing mentally enjoy a lucrative business working on patients who are unconscious of the fact that they are patients. Women who want their husbands or sons cured of the tobacco habit, the liquor habit, or some other dissipation pay liberally for the thing they desire to be accomplished. One mother whose little daughter is a victim of the disease known as St. Vitus's dance has spent more than $1,000 within a brief time, in vain efforts to cure her. Another woman whose lame son is the one thought of her life has patiently waited for the results she was assured would come, and so far has waited in vain. Many nervous, half-worn-out women in and beyond middle life, who expend what energy they have in trying to cure imaginary ills, are the best patients of the mind curers, and are almost the only ones who are helped by them.

The business is one easy to learn, and as easily taught. The only preparation is a course of twelve lectures. These are about an hour long, and people who can succeed, so it is put, in self-mesmerizing themselves easily will be equipped at the end of the course for the business of mesmerizing others. Nothing is required, except to master the argument, to be *silently* used with the patient. The Christian "scientists" use a formula slightly different from the mental healers, but they are alike in the important essential of absolute surrender of will and abject submission to the power of another mind exerted upon them. Mrs. Choate, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Plunkett, Mrs. Eddy, and other originators of the "cure" have many pupils in Brooklyn who are teaching and practising. Miss Tice, Miss Isabella Beecher, Mrs. Silsbee, Mrs. Hunt, Miss Woods, and many others have large practices. The majority of pupils are elderly women; very few young ladies care for it, and the classes are usually taught by women in their own homes. Men are not committed to it to any extent yet, and so violent is the opposition on the part of some husbands that serious domestic trouble has arisen. The state of ecstasy in which the new convert to the mental science delights in, is very trying to practical people, who believe that there is matter in the world as well as sin and folly, and poverty and pain, and that hard endeavor is required of all to overcome it. After a time many lose their early ardor and settle down to a healthier state of mind, but the enthusiasts outnumber them. One of the latter undertook to remove by mental treatment some abuses which came under her observation, and failed so ignominiously that she gave up the science and resumed her practical duties with new zeal. She decided that the "science" had no perceptible effect upon any one but the pupil or patient who willingly surrendered individual will to that of the healer.

It is a strange craze which has come upon the country, and it is affecting the Protestant community seriously. The Catholics seem to have avoided it almost entirely, though nothing has been said or done to keep them out of this modern scheme.

THREE MISSIONARIES OF BUDDHA.

The Strange Vow of Col. Price, Dr. Nidelet, and Another Missourian.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Talking about mysterious disappearances," said a well-known attorney to a group of friends yesterday, "I wonder what has become of Celsus Price? He seems to have dropped clear out of the world."

"Price? Celsus? Why he is—let me see; well, bless my soul, I haven't seen or heard of him for two years or more—have any of you gentlemen?" said one of the group, starting in to answer the question, but becoming in turn an interrogator.

The remainder of the party shook their heads, and one gentleman descanted upon the predilection of many men to suddenly disappear from their accustomed haunts and remain absent for years. Discussion of the seeming mystery of Col. Celsus Price's absence recalled his intimacy with Dr. Sylvester Nidelet, the ex-Coroner, and with his younger brother, Quintius; and then it suddenly dawned upon the minds of the group that neither of the three had been seen for upward of two years in St. Louis, and no one remembered to have heard of either.

Col. Celsus Price was a son of Sterling Price, who served the State of Missouri in many capacities, among others that of Governor, and then became a leader of the Confederate army, with the rank of Major-General, being no less than the gallant but unsuccessful commander still endearingly called by Confederate veterans "Pap" Price. Celsus Price, although quite young, followed his father to the field, serving upon his staff, whence came his title of Colonel. He was married at the close of the war to Miss Celeste Price, daughter of Gen. Thomas L. Price, who was Lieutenant-Governor during the term preceding Sterling Price as Governor. Shortly after the death of his estimable wife Col. Price became interested in the investigation of spiritualism, and for years moved in the upper circle of St. Louis Spiritualists—a coterie of men of prominence in legal, commercial, railroad, and medical circles. An intimacy with Dr. Nidelet, commencing in the army, was cemented in this new association. To their companionship was admitted the younger Price, and together they pursued their investigations, often being closeted together for two and three days at a time at the Barnum Hotel.

Dr. Sylvester Nidelet was for thirteen years previous to the outbreak of the rebellion an army surgeon, being stationed for the most part on the frontier. When Sumter fell he surrendered his commission and tendered his professional skill to the cause of the South. When the war was over he came to St. Louis, where he soon took high rank in the profession, attracting, as it will be recalled, national attention by a successful but seemingly marvellous surgical operation on the late Jack Looney. He was a man of wide reading, and cultivated a special taste for microscopical research.

When last seen the three gentlemen indicated were in Buffalo, N. Y., acting as missionaries, preaching upon the streets, practising all forms of self-denial, endeavoring by an example of humility and a practice of humble though practical charity to elevate mankind. If their faith could be defined, it was that of Buddha.

It was a little over two years ago that a near and dear relative of Col. Price was dangerously ill in New York city. An operation had to be performed in which the chances of life were remote. The presence of Col. Price and his brother was desired at the bedside, and at the earnest request of the brothers Dr. Nidelet accompanied them—not as a surgeon, but as a medical witness and as a friend.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The three friends had by their long study of the mysteries of the universe reached a state of exaltation that was absolute belief in the power of the Divine, and before the dread hour of the test of the surgeon's skill to dissipate the dark shadow that hung over the couch of the sufferer, the three friends, on their knees, made a solemn vow to heaven that should the lady be spared to the world they would devote the remainder of their lives to the propagation of the holy truths in which they believed, and to that end would renounce the world and the flesh, and work for the elevation of mankind in lowly walks, as did the Saviour. The lady, who is well known in Missouri, and is now a resident of this State, was saved.

Col. Price and his associates kept their vow. They sought the humblest employments. Col. Price went to work in a wholesale dry goods store as a porter, and in the morning carried papers. The others sought similar employments. They preached on the streets, they carried bundles for the poor and the decrepit, and in a humble way performed hundreds of like services that brought them closer to the lowly, where they endeavored to implant the love of a better life on this earth and the promise of a glorious hereafter. After a year or so in New York they left for Buffalo, where a little less than a year ago they were seen by a nephew of Col. Price, contented and happy in their chosen field. Since then no word has been heard of them, and the relatives, when questioned, reply generally and evasively that they believe they are now in Europe.

Mr. Fred Von Phul, who was for many years Celsus Price's most intimate friend, was asked: "When did you last hear of Celsus Price?"

"Not one word since he left here two years ago last November."

"Where do you suppose he is?"

"In Europe, I believe."

"But why?"

"Because if he was in New York city, as I have heard, does it not seem strange that, as well known as he is throughout Missouri, some one of the great number of people from St. Louis and the State who are there every week should not have seen him?"

"But you may have heard from him indirectly?"

"No, I have not, nor has any member of his family. Less than two years ago Quintius came to St. Louis to get some money—$5,000, I believe, was the amount—but not one word could any of us get from him as to the whereabouts of Celsus other than that he was well."

"Did you make any inquiries about Dr. Sylvester Nidelet?"

"No. None of this talk about them that you tell me of was going around then, and it did not occur to me to ask about the Doctor, although I remember he went with the brothers to New York at the time of Mrs. Willis's illness."

Dr. J. C. Nidelet, brother of Sylvester, was seen at his Olive street office. He admitted having heard the story that is the subject of this article, but knew nothing of its truth or falsity. "All I know," said the Doctor, "is that immediately after he was relieved from office by Dr. Frazer, which was late in November, 1888, he left the city. He gave me to understand at the time that he would never be seen by any of us again. He had of late years given all of his spare time to the study of the higher religion. I would not be in the least surprised to learn that the story which you tell me, and which I had heard in fragments before, is true. The religion which he has adopted, I would gather from his talks with me, which at the time I paid little attention to, involves a cutting aloof from all ties of family and friendship and a renunciation of the pleasures of the world. Syl was a great Bible student, and he and Celsus Price together engaged in psychic research and the explanation of the infinite. I once heard, I don't know exactly how, that they had left New York city and were in Canada. Not a word or sign has he given us since he departed, and although we believe him alive he is mourned as one who is dead to us; we believe that his mind was made up to take some decided step in life ever since the night he said: 'I go away tomorrow, Jim, never to return. I go to my appointed mission in this world, but I will always know of you and yours. Good-by.' And these were the last words he spoke to me."